



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

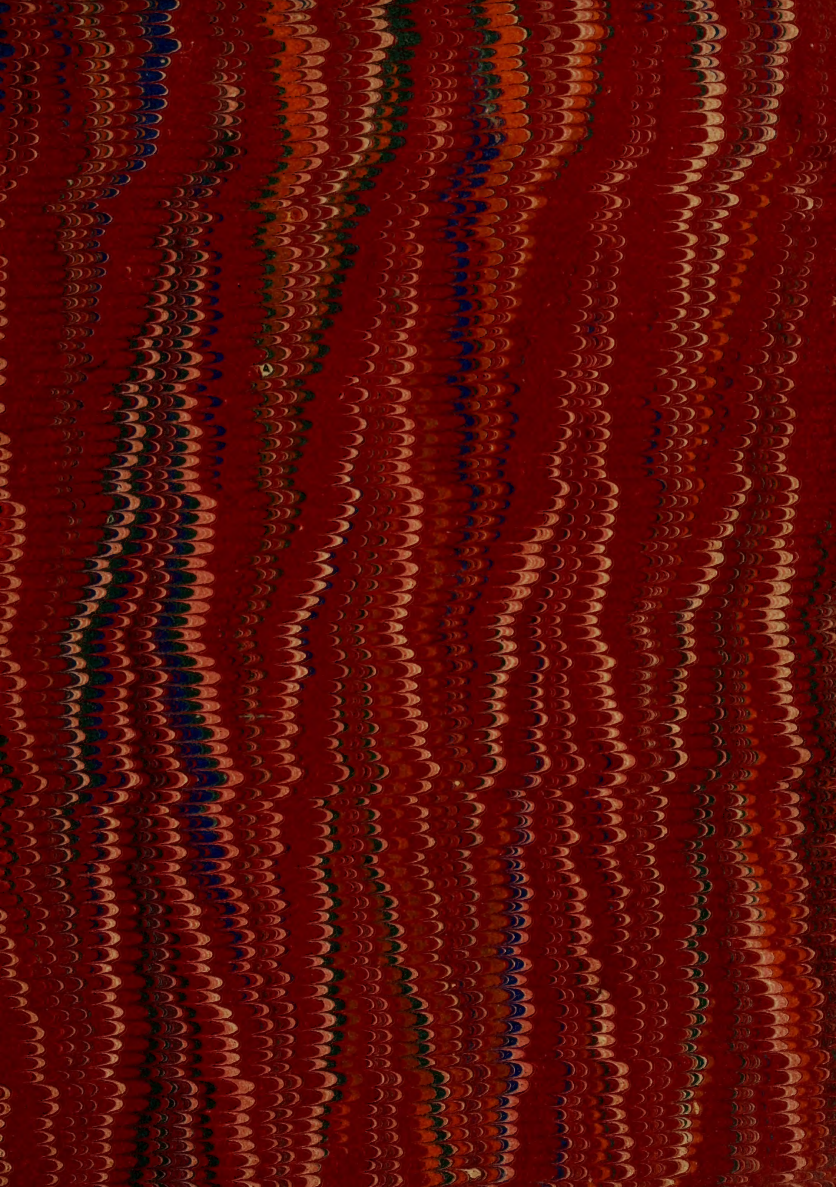
PS 22 49

Clasp. Copyright No.

Shelf, L9S5

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

















The  
Silas Letters

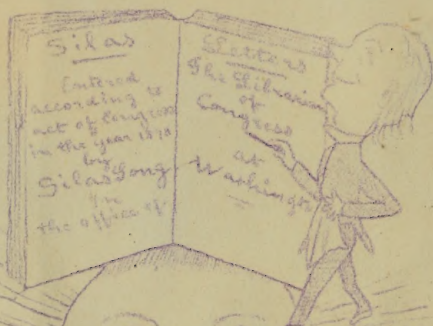
Complete  
Love and Business

Autographic  
Correspondence

Silas Long  
&  
Maria Jane Wilson



25<sup>cts</sup>



Copyrighted by Silas Long 1878.

per.  
Hampden Conn

The  
Silas Letters

---

Complete  
Love and Business  
Correspondence

of  
Silas Long  
and  
Maria Jane Wilson

---

The Original  
Autograph Letters

---

Silas Long  
Publisher - 109 Grand St.  
New York

---

[1878]

\*

PS2249

.L9 S5



I will produce hundreds,  
thousands of the very  
best in hopes to suppress!



To the World at large.

In spreading before the public gaze the following letters I feel that I may owe some word of explanation for thus tearing away the veil from what should be considered the most sacred feelings of the human heart.

But a careful perusal of the letters themselves will, I trust, prove a sufficient vindication of my motives.

Thus will all learn how the truest and most trusting love may, by fine machinations and malicious envy, be turned into gall!

For, that my love was of the purest and most exalted type I need give no other proof than these very letters.

And that my sentiments found a response in the nation

gentle heart of Maria Jane Wilson  
is sufficiently proved by her own  
letters; especially that of the 6<sup>th</sup>  
of Oct<sup>r</sup> and those of the 9<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup>  
of the same month.

But even as early as in her letter  
of the 15<sup>th</sup> the trail of the serpent  
may be discerned, and in her letter  
of Nov<sup>r</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> we see that the cruel  
fangs of the slimy reptile have  
struck home, and poisoned the  
wells of her human kindness for  
ever! — I have been asked why  
holding as I do the damning proof  
of my wrongs, I do not apply to  
the courts of law for redress and  
compensation — I reply, that to  
sue for money as mine there can be  
no case — Also, that Maria Jane  
Wilson being of age, and her father  
the Father, Compensation was hopeless.

Of the policeman I will say  
nothing - Of Jenkins, of W  
Simpson and of Maria Simpson  
herself I will say nothing!

Let the recorded facts in the  
following letters, speak as a voice  
from the past - and let the world  
judge between us!

But of 'Deacon Robbins' man  
and contemptible efforts to stop  
the publication of the following  
letters I must now speak.

Yes, he must know, and all  
must know that I have asked  
certain well known editors to refer  
me the use of his columns. The  
ill concealed smile on his face, while  
speaking to me, making it evident  
that he had been previously approached.

He must know, and all must know  
that I know why none of them

very numerous publishers & applied  
to were willing to set their presses  
to work on my behalf!

Let him shackle the press,  
he will yet find that spite of  
fraud and bribery the truth will  
out! — This pen of mine flying  
night and day over the press, will  
produce hundreds, nay thousands  
of copies of the very letters he thus  
hopes to suppress, and the world  
will ring with the tale of the  
wrongs of a loving heart, the  
waste deceit of a faithless woman,  
and the shameless and contempt-  
ible scheming of a slanderous  
and perverted Deacon!

Most respectfully  
Edw. Douglass

P.S. I now give the letters.



Greenville Wt  
Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1897

My own angel spirit, for  
I may now call you so.

Oh, do I can't say when you  
read those lines I  
shall be far away

I have written  
seeing you distant  
for how could I  
find strength to  
tear myself from  
your sweet presence! - New York  
City, at M. Fuller's summer  
house - summer, is the only field  
suited to a man of my stamp,  
and like that Roman Cincinnatus  
he spoke of I soon the plowman  
and seek higher destinies.

Of course I do not expect  
immediate fame and fortune



but as Mr. Dallas so truly said,  
there are plenty of men in New  
York City who make their thou-  
sands, and cannot bear half my  
artistic skill and native genius!

As to Beacon-Rowline's mean  
insinuations that Mr. Dallas was  
only making a fool of us and  
only said what he said to get  
me to take lessons from him in  
payment for his board at our  
house, such thoughts are but  
the vile outpourings of malice and  
envy! I shall never, however,  
I feel it in my soul, and return  
to share my triumph with the  
beloved being who is entrusted to my  
care her future destinies!

Oh, if I fail, then some  
fitting stranger will write  
upon my tomb "He striven in

Wain!

And you will

Maria, will drop  
a gentle tear over  
him who whether  
living or dead  
will ever remain



Your own adoring  
Silas

P.S. Write to me often, beloved,  
for your letters will be the only  
solace of my lonely life, and  
I on my part will keep you  
informed of my every thought  
and send you sketches I will  
see of interest and of such  
humorous and poetical fancies  
as may float through my  
mind.

Silas

P.S. It is midnight, beloved,  
and in candle-light, the night

train will whirl me far from  
this. You will be stayed in  
blessful slumbers.

dearest, your  
angel face  
reposing on  
your maidenly  
pillow, and  
your raven  
curls gracefully



falling on your slumber mat,  
while the moonbeam streaming  
in through the casement will  
gently kiss your lips!

And I, speeding on through  
the gloom, will wail, within  
my inmost soul - Farewell!  
Farewell!

Silence



Grand Union Hotel  
Oct 21 1877

My own beloved,

I am here at last -

and write to tell  
you of my safe  
arrival.

When we got  
here it was dark  
and we landed in

the Grand Central Hotel  
Dept. which I with I could  
describe or send a drawing of,  
but can't for want of space.  
It is so large no paper could  
hold it!

But you should have seen  
the crowd on leaving the Dept.  
Marie! Hardly had I stepped  
out when I was seized by a  
roaring mob of hucksters, singing





Myself was to - have my hands - and in sight  
of all the world that and I had left - carrying  
and driven to this house!

It is still raining New York  
way, I am late, and though  
rather startling to a stranger  
I must say: I like it.

But I must stop, I must go  
the hour is late. The stars shine  
bright and I sit in my lonely  
chamber, with the roar of the great  
city and the mighty hurrying  
of the rolling horse cars ringing  
in my ear, the humming of the

I just night; sweet love, good night  
- L. C. -

Midnight - I cannot sleep  
behind, too

Many thoughts  
press upon  
me. So think

that only  
yesterday  
was the



and now I am  
in the same way  
I am yesterday  
I am in the same way  
I am and thought  
you thought of them



you thought of  
thought of they  
I pray - Gally indeed  
I know me the same  
I know

and now  
I am young  
with my  
I am the same  
and I will  
I know you  
I am the same



I am the same  
I am the same  
I am the same

Since



















March 1st 1892

My dear Mr. Brewster,

I am writing to you  
about the \$1000.00 which I have  
just received from the  
\$1000.00 and not two hours ago  
I was saying to Henry Hayes and  
him in front that I would give  
you the same. But that is not  
any more in these days.

But I think that is a very good  
thing about the time of the  
which I will give you really without  
any of them might be a very good  
don't hold for such a short time  
but a very good thing about the  
what is that you say about the New  
York system? It is a strange way  
to run them that is my opinion  
but if hard to open the first one  
is to put them on the coal when

they are all  
well & don't call on me  
about that business yet  
but you in his carriage, just to go  
across the street & can't find things  
it was through kind of a  
door & you looked round after your  
long journey. But why are you  
in a hurry to go?

And Oh, Elias I am so glad you  
have found a good boarding  
place and hope you'll be so com-  
fortable. But six dollars a week  
is a deal of money. And Oh, Elias  
I do love you so.

Your own true love

Esther Jane Wilson

O. Be very careful about your  
money, Elias, I'm told there are  
many thieves, and the very little  
one has one trick.









very important now to that village  
 and the gentleman, who says  
 he thinks his my friend must pay  
 the amount of the charges  
 to the house, but he is not in  
 any position. That is what  
 I am for the house is not in any  
 way of the house - but we must get

Dear

Dear Sir, You need not be afraid  
 of any money

to make my little  
 paper in the great  
 library. I think I  
 am sure to be with  
 you.









Don't let the horse side get too  
simple and a horse will get too  
stupid for anything. As much as you can  
make the horse perform.

Don't let the horse get too  
stupid for anything.

Don't let the horse get too  
stupid for anything. As much as you can  
make the horse perform.

Don't let the horse get too  
stupid for anything. As much as you can  
make the horse perform.

Don't let the horse get too  
stupid for anything. As much as you can  
make the horse perform.









in the house but not Mr. Thompson  
- yet, one her only daughter.

She is a gentle girl, about your  
own age and size, dearest, and one  
of the sweetest sympathy I have  
ever known to arise.

Senden  
naturally  
the natural  
man of  
early grief,  
depressed by  
her young  
loss, with  
a naturally  
sensitive  
nature.



Her high nature shines radi-  
ant in her sparkling eyes, her  
gentle smile, and her sweet  
voice.



9

My dear Maria:

Thank you for the letter which was  
sent me last evening. I am so glad  
to hear that the friends are all  
well and happy.

I am a policeman.

And I am so glad you have  
found such a friend as that  
Mr. Jenkins; what a nice  
man he is. But you don't tell me  
about the wife.

I am

Ever truly yours

Thomas Jones Wilson

But Oh! Silas I don't know  
what to think about that your  
my, or about the whole of it  
you speak of, which of course is all



...in New York City, but to me  
it is strange. I don't want to hide  
from you, but Deacon Robbins  
don't think well of the same, and  
my whole family is full of sinners  
and such like. As to her name  
being Maria I don't take it as no  
compromise, but contrarywise scorn  
it.

I don't, Oh! Silas I feel grieved  
about the way you talk of Deacon  
Robbins, which he is a true friend  
to us here, and feels your wicked  
words deeply, but forgives you.

Oh! I don't you go and  
feel bad at what I say, which I  
can't help but write, for it is best  
to be true; but

Believe me

Your ever faithful, loving

Maria

P.S. I the picture you sent for you, Mary  
Theology, Silas! its it the good picture

Bleeker St Oct. 1877

Myr. Wilson,

Dear Madam,

Allow me to

express my surprise at the  
contents of your last letter  
received, and to assure you  
the young lady concerned in it  
you, that in spite of her  
exalted position, she is  
not a person of any great

importance to the world.

or none of my words and action  
is, I assure you, a matter of the  
most profound indifference to

Most respectfully yours

Salus Long

P.S. No friendship is required  
where none is asked for.  
Your friend from me. S. L.

W. S. He who barely glances into  
private correspondence may see  
wholesome though unpalatable  
truth. But your friend remains.  
S. S.

W. S. - And please inform your  
friend, who is, I suppose, the  
initiator of your serious remarks  
about my picture of - myself -  
holding the money  
that an artist is free  
to indulge at will  
in playful freaks  
of fancy. Thus I  
then represented myself  
in those branches and  
ambush yards, as I  
have represented -  
in this person in a  
good expression of his own  
nature.



S. S.

Greenwich Oct. 20<sup>th</sup>

Oh! Elias, Elias! that I should  
leave from you with a letter.

Would you break the heart of your  
poor Maria, as have you meant to  
do me?

Oh! Elias, that you should ever  
speak words like these, after all that has  
passed between us! Oh! would it  
were if you loved me, and say that  
I am still your own Maria.

And as for the young lady I am  
sure I didn't mean a thing, and  
no more did the Doctor.

But Oh! Elias, for what you  
thought I meant, forgive me,  
and never speak again words  
like these words to

Yours ever, ever loving  
Maria

And, Mr. John, I wish to mention  
something about that picture which  
you sent me I am sure, and as  
for the General, he didn't speak  
of it at all, and grieved he'd  
not seen your letter, but you  
didn't mean it Silas, I know.

John Strong has come home  
and puts on  
such airs as  
I never saw  
the like.

He has made  
lots of money



and rides about English style  
he calls it. And I wish I  
could draw and send you a  
better picture. And if he didn't  
call and ask me to ride with  
him, I just like his appearance  
from your description.

Collection M. Oct. 18

My own Aunt,

The storm is passed  
and the sky once more blue!

Yes, beloved, I truly forgive  
you for I know the words  
spoken in your letter of the 20<sup>th</sup>  
were not your own but the  
loathed imputation of another.

Enough! - let us turn from  
the loathsome theme.

The drawing of the Head  
you send me is full of life  
and spirit and though rather  
out of drawing shows wonderful  
facility in your work. I think  
to whom I showed it was but  
surprised and delighted and  
said in result - not allow so  
much talent to run to waste  
and indeed, Maria, we must not.

I have sent the  
 enclosed by you to the  
 printer and to ask your opinion on  
 the choice of a new hat, for, as  
 sometimes so judiciously remark  
 mine is evidently out of date.



Let me know in your next  
 which of the above you prefer.  
 Franklin's choice is the English but I  
 would like your own real opinion.  
 Love your own loving  
 Lilab



Greenwich Oct. 24<sup>th</sup>

Oh! Silas, your dear kind  
letter has just come, and made  
me so happy.

I just felt as though I could hug  
him, and that if I only I could  
fly towards you, I'd I Oh! give me  
all love in that young lady, and I  
would be so glad to know her for  
our sake, for Oh! Silas, I do love  
you so. Aunt Deacon Robbins, who  
was here just now, sends his best  
regards, for he is your friend, though  
you won't believe it Silas.

Aunt so kind of you it was, to send  
the note, but I don't know what  
to say I am sure, for as I look  
at your dear image with all  
those letters Silas, I always

think we are in the most beautiful  
place. You know what if I was  
if I could just know my mind  
about the transfer. But the  
youngest is lovely, but Mr. Jenkins  
is not a nice boy, and you look  
well in them all, for certain.

With much love, and with  
much of the same.

At home

Can you own

Maria Jane Wilson

Wd. And do you really think I  
can draw well, Elias? Mr. Dallas

wanted to teach me last summer  
but it was too late. He said and gave up.  
But I'd like to  
be now, and  
don't you see



but with a dog, drawn from life  
which Mr. Dallas said was best. The  
dog is barking at the cat, and his tail  
sticks straight out with fury. Maria.

Blackburn H. B. 1897

My dear Maria,

How important idea which  
we develop this night. - It is to give  
my picture a semi social, political  
and international significance.

For instance: - She follows  
represents a group of Italian people in  
gayly clothed in the pleasure of  
of their native land and dancing on  
the sword

under the  
bright  
Italian  
sky.

And under  
this idyllic  
representation



of pastoral innocence and life  
I give another picture rep-  
resenting these very same people

dressed in rags and reduced to  
the degrading occupation of sweep-  
ing our streets.



These pictures I send to  
Congress, and also to the Italian  
Ambassador and I say to both  
"Would the men look at the  
road, and see what we have  
made of it!" — Whereupon  
both governments see at a

Spain that the nations of our  
country and our institutions are  
not less adapted to the highest  
development of the Italian race  
and they combine to check the  
course of Italian emigration!

On the other hand I show the Irish  
emigrant

just landed  
on our shores

and I follow

him through

by another

representing

our Irish citizens

such as they

appear after a few years residence

in this favored land. Every man

clad in broadcloth, adorned with

a tall silk hat, and walking proudly

with musical music and flying

banner, in celebration of their



national interest!

These principles of management must  
government of  
the nation  
be not only  
but also

General

that is to say

that is to say

that is to say

that is to say

that is to say of British interests  
and expression!

There will be a treat of all great  
social questions, and my work  
will become a standing school  
to all and a guide to all in the  
path of right and virtue.

Ever your own loving

Dylan

October 25 1891

My dear friend,

I send you the second chapter of my questionnaire.

Yours truly, J. M. Smith

The English

Our English mission is  
really to bring the  
information of  
our American  
people to the  
English  
Nationalist.  
We must  
progress the  
cause of  
Americanism  
from the  
beginning.

With copies of the

The next number of the  
monthly magazine  
will be sent to you.



thus enabled to view at a glance  
the nature of every Englishman  
landing upon our shores, and  
seeing all harmless, (see note foot  
of preceding page) with gladness  
and leading back all foreigners  
to their own native land!

### The Grammar.

For many long years we with  
many worthy, peace loving citi-  
zens, noted

for their  
musical  
tastes, and  
their kindly  
hospitality.



from the contemplation of their  
many virtues, and 1<sup>st</sup> Malt  
Vigors and others have been

favorable to contemplation and  
to a full development of the human  
frame. — Its Sweet-scent is  
full of humanizing influence  
and far preferable to vile language  
and carousing. — No man was ever  
brought to better while blowing into  
a wind instrument.

The French.

I am informed that we have  
in New York City over forty-  
thousand French Citizens. They  
were being mostly hairdressers,  
dancing masters and cooks while  
the women devoted themselves to  
millinery, child nursing and ball  
dancing. Now supposing the dis-  
vision to be about equal, this would  
give us six thousand six hundred and  
sixty six hairdressers, dancing  
masters, milliners, child nurses



Wrath into smiles and making  
them gentle as cooing doves!

But what if these ballet dancers,  
dressed in wanton finery, make  
each their own particular case  
and all

fall in  
love  
with  
the same  
man!

Surely  
such



ballet dancers are a bewitching  
but dangerous element! Let  
us all beware.

By the way, a gathering of people  
reminds me of a thing that took  
place here last night.

One week had a violent quar-  
rel with our chambermaid.

and the Mr. Phipps and his  
daughter  
took the  
part of  
the well  
educated  
and elegant  
and that of  
the chamber-  
maid.



Now what I want to know  
is this: - Why are chambermaids,  
as a rule, prettier than cooks?

This question is well worthy of  
serious consideration, and will be  
fully developed in my chapter on  
Cooks and Chambermaids.

But I must close dearest,  
Yours ever lovingly  
Eliza

P.S. That dog of yours is excellent.

Greenville, Oct. 27<sup>th</sup>.

My dear Mary,

Your two last letters  
was duly received, and of course  
you know best what I feel  
about it, but I feel  
don't think you'll ever make  
anything by the sewing, and as for  
sending those pictures if you  
to Longdon, Emerson Robbins says  
they wouldn't even look at them  
which less give you pay.

And the pictures are beautiful  
of course, but too much out of  
the common to please me,  
especially those French cooks,  
and those dancing girls, which  
are all falling in love with  
one man or out of all reason  
and no fit pictures for a church.





28th Nov. 1894

My dear precious little Maria,  
your letter is just received and  
good laugh we had to assure you over  
your dear old countryed notions that  
gentle days are refreshing in the  
extreme. So you all think to have  
better for sale my art and become  
a queen or a noble.  
Many thanks, I will  
think it over. But  
allow me to say, Maria,  
that there are some here  
who suffer from your kind  
Robbins, and I may perhaps be  
able within a few hours to tell  
you what that may mean when you  
think you are a little more of a  
queen than I am. So let me say  
something higher than a queen or a  
noble.



And in the first place, I am sure the  
Committee will be very anxious  
to hear of your opinion, and as to  
the pay I may receive  
I leave it to you to say that money  
is not the only thing to be  
thought of in the world.  
There are other things of which  
we should be careful not to neglect.



But to prove that the treatment  
of great social subjects may bring  
much as well as good, I need only  
mention the fact that the  
Ladies in Connection of a handsome  
award for the best essay on the  
subject, which prize I hope to receive  
very soon will consider it very  
of the most valuable of the kind  
I could have in the world.  
I would say with the Academy

behold two distinct forms of  
existence!

Choose  
between the  
dusty road  
and this luxu-  
rious home!

Choose between  
the ragged  
and degraded  
being tramping  
by your side and the bright  
and lovely

lame  
sitting  
before  
you in  
her father's  
parlor!

If you  
prefer the  
poverty of the street



Care trumping and tramping  
Bunker! - Of course, I again use  
the word Bunker in a merely repre-  
sentative way, for any other respec-  
table and lucrative occupation will  
do. - And of course, I do not  
pretend that every tramp may become  
a Bunker at once; but let him move  
in the right direction, and he can  
begin by being a more than a  
porter. - What thing could it  
be?

I am called away, dear Mr. Allen,  
and I must close for now. I am  
yours truly,  
Silas

8 1/2 O'clock P.M. - It is rather  
late. I am engaged in the  
writing of a theatrical paper to  
appear in the Boston Herald  
and which will be published in the paper.

And it is that very air of  
being about the bright domain of  
you. Objected to, there is your  
attention and I am in the world!

Object I must be a work of art,  
least, so no more you -

11½ P.M. - I have just re-  
turned from the theatre and this



may give you some idea of the  
brilliant scene. I sit in a box  
with Maria Fingern who kindly  
consented to accompany me.

3 (Look & see I want you a  
your mother just completed.



Greenville Oct 31<sup>st</sup>

My dear Elias.

I am so glad to hear you are getting on, and the pictures you send are lovely.

But oh! Elias I don't know about going to those theatres, which are sinful places at best, and delicious and fun as all well know.

And I won't show your letter to any one, Elias, for I know what they would all doubtless think, and Reason Robb has so often on all play actors and such like.

And though I know you won't like it, I do wish you could get into one finer line, Elias, for it would be best for all, believe me.

But I must close at once, for it is getting time and I want that



to go at once.

Yours ever lovingly

Maria Jane Wilson

P.d. And as for a respectable girl  
going to such places with a young  
man, not her own, — well, I won't  
say a word, Silas — no, not one,.  
But it isn't my way.

P.d. I return these pictures, Silas,  
though lovely, for keep the images  
of such folk I won't, and burn your  
own pictures, I could not.

My dear Maria,

Your letter concerning  
pictures returned, is just as I  
and were not the antiquated notions,  
expressed by you, so ridiculously  
mischievous as to forbid serious reser-  
-ment & might feel hurt.

You should have been just as  
as I read him!  
your letter.

However, as he  
says, a few weeks  
residence in the  
Metropolis will  
soon cure my  
little Maria of  
such contrived notions.



I have completed thirty two small  
sketches for my gallery of thea-  
-trical celebrities and would send



Heavenly Father, I pray for the  
peace and happiness of all men.

Let us then  
bring him  
to Savage  
land.



Let us now  
transport a  
whole ship-  
load of troops, chastened by mis-  
fortune during the long voyage  
and armed with traits, good bows  
and the various implements of civ-  
ilization, landing on Africa's wild  
shores. Let us try and imagine  
the feelings of the enraptured sav-  
ages at the blessed sight, and we  
may form some faint idea of the  
results to be expected from my  
mode of treatment.

In the following picture

think the savages are through  
 giving - not in the contortions  
 of a savage dance, but in the  
 simple glide waltz taught  
 by the younger tramps.



While a venerable tramp reads to them  
 out of Supper's Proverbial Philosophy!

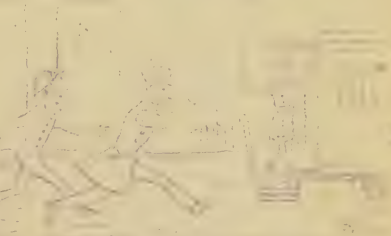
Now if we remember the admirable  
 adaptation of the tramp to spreading  
 and locomotion, we may form some  
 idea of his civilizing influence and realize  
 that his real object has been discovered.  
 Silas

The next day,

It was a sunny day. The  
sunny side of the road was  
thankful for the sun, but I have  
escaped a great danger.

This morning the police  
officer to take me down to the  
Court, and to show me the  
Court and other places of interest.

So we hired  
a street-car and  
he showed me  
all through the  
Court, and -



Oh! Maria, he showed me a man  
who is to be hanged next week!

Yes, Maria,  
I saw the man  
who was to be  
hanged and I  
heard him cough!



It was awful!

"Then, says the other gentleman  
"What you do then do then  
"He says in "then" everything  
"I am, then things like  
"Just got up for the benefit of the big  
"Up and the committee." "I am  
"I am now going up, then, then,  
"At his own eye, then on duty!

After leaving the Chamber we went  
to the Chamber, which I am now  
in a room, then I am now up  
to the Chamber they have got up then  
looking the place.

But you should have been  
in the Chamber.



The Chamber was in London, then, then  
and murdered his wife with a gas pipe!  
Then a girl put it and her house burnt!



I am sure I  
 should not  
 have done  
 as I have  
 done  
 I did not  
 suspect at the time  
 that his object was  
 to introduce me  
 to Philip Brown.  
 But it turned  
 against him and  
 you have won all.



Well, we all regret that  
 and had a  
 glass all  
 round quite  
 good and  
 Brown in-  
 dicated our  
 standing







you are the yellow & blue, for you  
don't say, what if you did, I would  
hardly be a picture, for it is good  
enough to see such things and know  
what sin may lead to.

I remain

Dear your loving

Abigail Jane Wilson

Oh, all to my notions being contrary  
and all that, Silas, I can't  
help my ways, but I must say I  
won't take it kindly, your reading  
my letter to that Jenkins, which  
father and Deacon Robbins don't  
like but looks my way.

But as concerns that young lady  
I have my own thoughts, but I  
won't say a word.

My dear Mr. Garrison

Many thanks for the  
kind advice, and for the  
I can take care of myself & I  
the help of Boston. I shall  
can I do that this morning  
fishing the house of Mr. Garrison  
is a lot of the highest - in your  
you are to see. But for the  
I am, I am not distressed.

I am very much  
to show pictures of the  
Neither will I be able to  
At the painting of galleries, and  
you will allow me to say so, I  
your asking for such a thing  
I am in a state of  
of feeling, and exquisite  
I expect to find in the

Ever your own  
Lillian

My dear friend, I hope you  
are well and happy.

I am writing to you  
because I have been thinking  
of you very much.



I have been thinking of you  
because I have been thinking  
of you very much. I have  
been thinking of you because  
I have been thinking of you  
because I have been thinking  
of you very much. I have  
been thinking of you because  
I have been thinking of you  
because I have been thinking  
of you very much.







1882. May 20. Mon. 157

My dear Mr. [unclear]

Yours of the 11. inst. in  
regarding the draft is duly received  
and allow me to comment thereon.  
I think your thought proper in referring  
to any the least change. Not to let  
the House imagine.

I would suggest that my drawing  
of Pennville should be sent with your  
approval. But you, as an artist  
you must stand the highest standard  
of the artistic work.

How could I, think you, shut  
up in such a place as Pennville.  
conceive forms of grace and beauty  
to be found only in a magnificent  
world of beautiful things.

Such things, Mr. [unclear] must be  
seen from life as the following  
sketch of the [unclear] [unclear]



What would I have said  
and in what way? I will  
draw what you have said  
yours. I am to say  
that you are not a person,  
because as a person is that type  
you are not a person in  
the world.



Observe the cut of the hull, the  
mast, the rigging. The ship is  
just a little over the horizon, and  
the water is very calm.  
The hull is white, the mast is  
black, and the rigging is black.  
The ship is very small, and  
the water is very calm.

He is a cardinal  
and a publisher  
of a new and ex-  
traordinary journal  
and through his  
financially efforts  
to run down the  
same it is evident  
that he is much

But I must pause, dearest, as  
my father needs some attention  
for to-night's engagement.

My dear Mr. Brown

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am sure that you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

P.S. I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am sure that you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

P.S. I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am sure that you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

P.S. I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am sure that you will find the enclosed of interest.

Dear Mr. [unclear]

I am in the same  
position as before. I  
am not yet able to  
leave the house.  
I am not yet able to  
leave the house.  
I am not yet able to  
leave the house.  
I am not yet able to  
leave the house.  
I am not yet able to  
leave the house.

I am not yet able to  
leave the house.

2. I think - I have just  
received information which leads  
me to believe that Billy Brown  
is hiding in a house in Chicago.  
I am not yet able to  
leave the house.







Dear Mother

My dear Mother

by the cruel  
hand of an un-  
educated person

Charged with  
malicious slander  
and calumny  
I yield to fate!

I am informed  
by my jailer that  
testimony as to  
my character

will be wanted. Could you come  
to me, Maria? Could your  
dear father come? - Could you  
bring Deacon Hollins?

Being a Deacon might perhaps  
help me. Your brother wanted  
Silas -



... and I have the same letter.  
... I have, and I have  
you can have it back and I will  
but come to me. I want to  
see you, and I want to see  
you. I want to see you.  
(The first in the series, the  
said) I have sent to Marie  
Simpson. — No more!

Will you please send  
me a copy, please —  
I have sent to you the same  
copy. Please. I have  
sent to you the same copy.

It's a leaf from my diary

The Bonds - Nov. 17 - For three  
long days now, I have been all  
up like a candle in a paper hat!

From Maria Jane Wilson, the  
to whom I would have devoted  
my life, I have not heard of or  
over a month!

From Jenkins, he who called him-  
self my friend, I have received only  
insults and a bill for clothing!

From Mrs. Simpson, she who  
called herself my adopted mother,  
I have received insults and a bill  
for bandaging!

From Maria Simpson, she who  
called herself my sister, I have  
received insults and a bill for bandaging!

Such is life! - and such is the  
struggle - yes, I am struggling with  
unreal friends!

The two following letters were  
received this morning - they speak for  
themselves - I send them:

Greenwich Nov 22

My dear song.

Dear Sir,

I shall find myself

all your letters to me, returned with thanks  
as also your pictures, the sight of which is  
sickening, and not a word in return but  
would break the eye. As to my writing  
myself up like a dancing girl, and bawling  
my head, as you call it, like a fool, I'll  
have you to know, I'm not of that sort.  
And well for you it is, you are at a dis-  
tance, and safe from my father and  
Deacon Robbins party.

Respectfully yours

William James Brown

I'd still hoping your new dress coat will  
fit you, and you'll have a nice time with the  
Harris Simpson at your balls and theatre,  
where I hope her hangings will pull down  
every long turtleneck to please you.

Respectfully yours

William James Brown



Greenwich

Nov. 16<sup>th</sup> 1877

Sir, I add a line to Miss  
Wilson's letter to inform you that  
the lady is now under my protec-  
tion, but in fact engaged to be  
my wife, and that further assis-  
-sance to her from you will be re-  
-quested by me. I will also thank  
you for an immediate return of  
her letters to you which as her  
future husband I have a right  
to demand. And so closing  
our intercourse I remain

Respectfully yours  
James W. Robbins

Return her letter! No,  
never! - No for revenge!



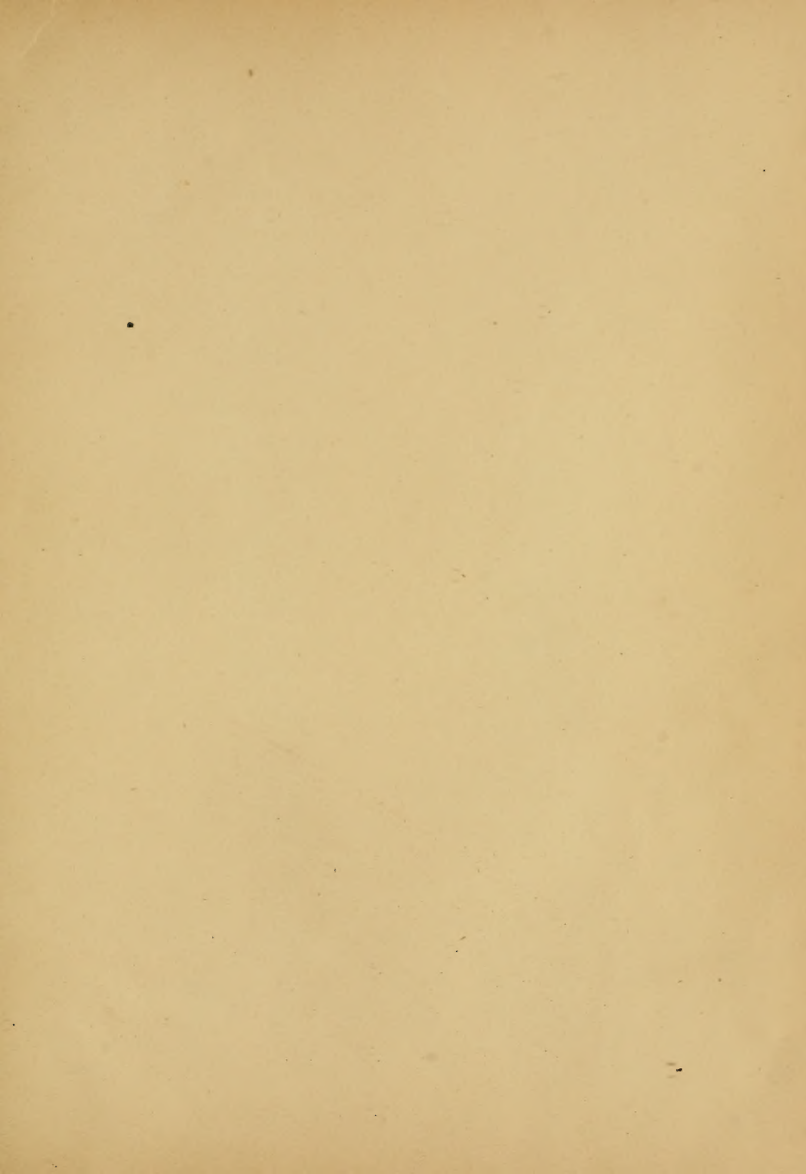












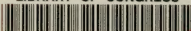








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 762 552 4

